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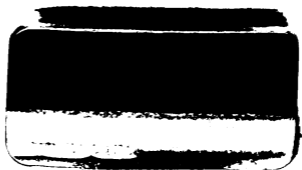
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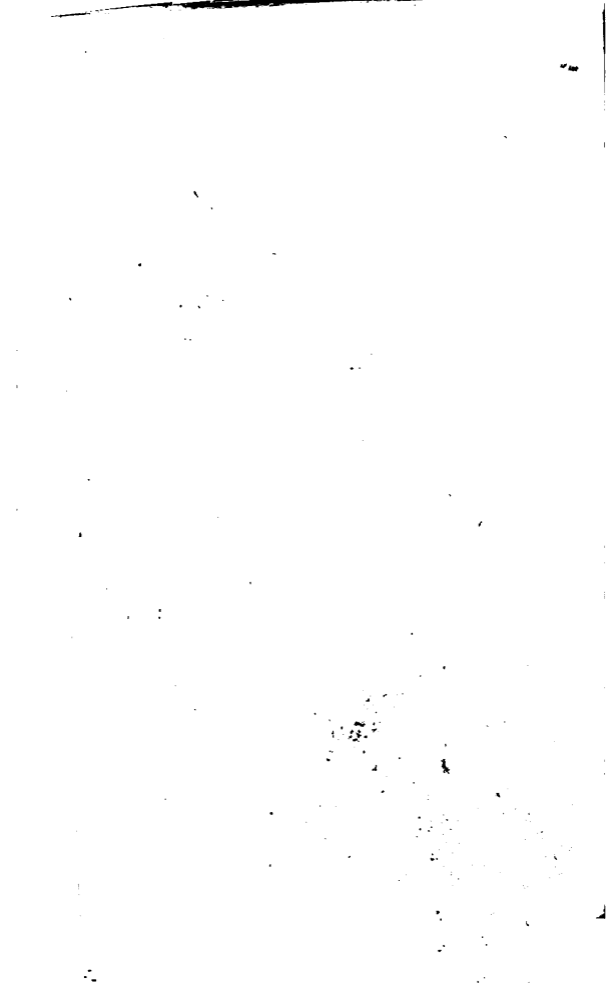
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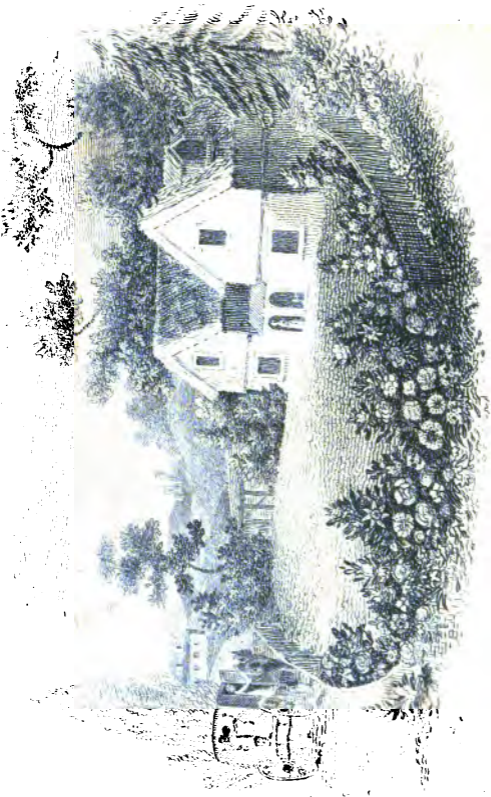
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JULIANA OAKLEY

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A TALE.

Mary Ann's (Suff)

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

Revised by the Committee of Publication.

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JULIANA OAKLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Some account of her parents and family—her father goes abroad, and she is sent for by her grandmother—her journey with Mrs. Bridget to Heartly-Hall—arrival there—and introduction to the old lady, uncle Barnaby, and cousin Cicely.

ALTHOUGH it has pleased my heavenly Father to protect my life to an advanced age, and although, during that period, among a thousand experiences of his tender love and paternal care, I have been made to pass through many scenes of trial, in the various characters of wife and mother; yet there are certain scenes of my childhood, of which I retain so affecting a recollection, that I cannot think of them, even to this day, without tears. But inasmuch as I would willingly caution others from falling into such errors, as those which to this moment embitter some of the remembrances of my girlish days, I shall enter into a detail of the particulars to which I allude, and for this purpose must make my

commonly seen in parents in these days of comparative light, education was not then understood as it is now; added to which consideration, children were at that time kept at so great a distance by parents, that the latter had not the opportunities which they now have, of studying and examining their characters: and hence were liable to be deceived by them, in a degree which can hardly be believed in the present state of things.

But not to dwell any longer on this subject, which is not altogether to my present purpose, I shall shortly state that this education, such as I have described it, failed not to produce the effects which might be expected: my uncle, when grown up, was fit only to be the companion of his own game-keeper or coachman; and my mother married, early in life, so very imprudently, that my grandmother would never forgive her, and, indeed, could never be prevailed upon to see her again. What my father's situation was when he married my mother, I know not, but a commission in a marching regiment was bought for him by my mother's family, immediately after his marriage: and when I can first recollect any thing, I was living with my parents, in that unsettled state to which persons are liable, who make the army their profession.

I have an exceedingly confused idea of the years that passed before I was twelve years old. The number of scenes which I went through—the number of persons I became acquainted with—the multiplicity of faces which passed before me—the extraordinary variety of shabby lodgings, apartments in barracks, tents, and inns, in which I lived with my parents, for days, weeks, or months, as it might happen—the perpetual interchanges and successions of soldiers' wives, wearing felt hats and gilt ear-rings, who performed the parts of my mother's waiting-maids and my governesses, during this period, have left such a medley of ideas in my mind, that it would be almost an Herculean labour to attempt to reduce them to any thing like order or regularity. Suffice it to say, that, during this time, the regiment in which I was born was stationed, for the most part, in some of the most remote and wild districts of the highlands of Scotland; and in those parts of Western Ireland, whose shores are for ever invaded by the waves of the stormy Atlantic; and where the shrieks of the sea-gull among the rocks convey to the superstitious natives such ideas as fill the gossips' tale with images of horror and amazement.

Sometimes, indeed, we were removed, for a season, from solitary forts and garrisons,

which are found in these situations, to certain little country towns, in different parts of the United Kingdoms; and then, though quartered in small, inconvenient, and often sordid lodgings, these situations were commonly so abundant in opportunities of amusement to my mother, and the other ladies of the regiment, that I was commonly more neglected than usual when in stations of the kind.

At length the regiment was ordered to Gibraltar, on which occasion my grandmother sent over her own maid to Dublin, where we were then stationed, with a handsome present to my mother, together with a request that I should be delivered to her charge.

I do not recollect that any objection was made by either of my parents to this arrangement of my grandmother's; but as I had been hitherto allowed to run almost wild, a great bustle was made in order to prepare me for a decent appearance in the presence of the old lady, who was known to be very eagle-eyed with respect to such matters as affect externals.

On this occasion I was taken from the hands of the serjeant's wife, who happened at that period to be my mother's confidential servant, and was fitted with a pair of stiff stays, directed to hold up my head and drop my shoulders; and was provided with a

brocade slip, a hoop petticoat, and other suitable ornaments.

These things being prepared, I was led by my parents to the Bay, and there embarked in a packet with Mrs. Bridget, my grandmother's maid; who, by the by, appeared to me to be the finest lady I had ever seen in my life. I have no recollection of what I felt when I parted from my parents, nor can I distinctly call even their persons to mind; this probably arose from my having been less intimately associated with them than with their servants. For although I have so faint a recollection of the authors of my being, the figure of the serjeant's wife, as she stood upon the pier looking after us, whilst the sailors put off with me to the packet, is still as present with me as if I had seen it only yesterday. She was an Irish woman, from the county of Connaught, and might have been tolerably good looking had she not been disfigured by her dress. She was dressed in a man's beaver hat, and a man's shoes and stockings, having no cap, and her hair in part turned up with a comb, the rest hanging about her ears. She wore a short blue petticoat and jacket, with a woollen apron, the corner of which she held up to her eyes, as she called after me with a piercing voice, to bid me adieu, denominating me, her jewel, her darling, and precious life.

I remember, that I looked upon her with tears in my eyes, till I was lifted out of the boat, and put up the side of the packet, where such a variety of novel objects presented themselves, that I probably soon forgot my sorrow. Thus closed my military career, and the first period of my childhood. A favourable wind soon wafted the packet over to the shores of England, and, in a few hours after my separation from my parents, I found myself in a post-chaise, with Mrs. Bridget, on my way to Hartley-Hall.

I do not precisely remember how I first opened a conversation with Mrs. Bridget, for whom I had conceived a very high respect; but I well recollect, that before we had advanced far on our road, in the manner I have described, that she began to hint to me, that it would be necessary for me to lay aside many practices in which I had hitherto allowed myself. "For instance, miss," she said, "you must not pick your teeth with your fingers, as you have seen those wild Irish do; nor stoop your head till your ears and shoulders salute each other; nor sit as you now do, kicking your feet and scratching your head; but you must behave like a pretty miss and a young lady, and hold yourself proper; and be sure never cool your tea in your saucer, and then blow it, as you did this morning at the inn." Much more to the

same purpose did Mrs. Bridget say to me; but it so happens that the memory, which of all our faculties is the most capricious, will not assist me to detail any more of her injunctions; and, indeed, it is almost marvellous that I should have recollected so many, inasmuch as my reader will see that they were not delivered with any manner of attention to system or order; but that small and monstrous offences against propriety were weighed in the same balance, and placed together in the same forcible point of view.

But to go on with my history: this my first lecture, continued till we were arrived at the place where we were to sleep. We travelled the whole of the next day, and expected to reach Hartley-Hall before six o'clock on the following evening.

When, on the last day of our journey, we stopped at the town which was only one stage from my grandmother's, Mrs. Bridget took me apart, dressed me in the clothes which had been prepared by my mother, for my appearance before the old lady, and repeated all her injunctions respecting my behaviour, taking this occasion to impress upon my mind that which she had repeatedly said to me during my journey, viz.—that my grandmother was a lady of high respectability—that my family was of more consequence

than any untitled family in the country—that although I had hitherto lived in a humble way, I was a young lady by birth, and would probably inherit a large fortune—that she had been ashamed to see me in the hands, of such a low person as my late servant, that a waiting-woman was not fit to serve a lady, unless she had something smart and polite in her deportment, and had received the education of a gentlewoman; and that henceforth she hoped I would be above familiarity with low persons, but would behave myself genteelly, and with suitable dignity, according to my rank.

In this manner I was tutored by the waiting-maid, and, inasmuch as feelings of pride are by no means incompatible with the grossest ignorance, and the utmost habitual coarseness of mind, I was by no means backward in inhaling the ideas which Mrs. Bridget desired to convey to my mind, and thus I soon found in myself every disposition to become as fine a lady as my new friends could wish me to be.

The waiting lady's lecture and my toilet were scarcely concluded, before the arrival of my grandmother's coach and four, at the inn; and I, who but a few days before had been glad of the attendance of an Irish serjeant's wife, was handed into this handsome carriage by a smart footman.

We made the last stage of our journey with such rapidity, that I was quite surprised when Mrs. Bridget pointed out to me the family seat at a distance. It stood on a slight elevation, in the centre of a plain, and was surrounded by woods, the approach being through a long avenue. The house itself was of brick, and extended itself in two large wings, conveying the idea of that kind of splendour which proceeds from magnitude.

When we come to the Porter's Lodge, at the entrance of the avenue, and began to approach through the grounds towards the house, I remember that I could not contain myself any longer, but broke out into some expression of admiration; whereby I again brought upon myself the reproaches of Mrs. Bridget, who told me that nothing in the world was so vulgar as to seem full of wonder and amazement. It looks just, said she, as if a person came out of a wood, or had never seen any thing decent or genteel in their lives before. Do, dear miss, she added, do, I pray, keep your wonder to yourself, let what will happen, or the very footman will be sneering and making a jest of you.

I promised my tutoress that I would endeavour to obey her; nevertheless, I found so much to gape at when I alighted from the

coach, that I imagine I gave but a bad specimen of my tractability in this particular.

The approach to the door of the hall was by a very high and wide flight of steps, and the hall itself was an immense room, having a staircase at each end; the walls being set forth on all sides with paintings, all of which had some reference to rural sports. Amongst these was a specimen of that exquisitely elegant and touching design so often exhibited in old collections, to wit, that of a dead hare hanging up by the heels, and a number of pheasants and partridges lying without life, in the fore ground. There, also, were the figures of certain favourite dogs and horses, which had belonged in time past to some of my ancestors; and an immense family picture, in which my grandmother herself, in her younger days, was represented in a laced joseph and jockey cap, leading a fox-hunt, accompanied by all her male relations, each of them mounted on some favourite horse, and cutting and spurring over hill and dale, moss and moor, like the heroes of Chevy Chase. The chimney-ornaments of this large apartment, for there was an immense fireplace at one end of it, consisted of bucks' horns, foxes' heads, and old fowling pieces. Such were the curiosities of this apartment; but I was not allowed to examine them at that time, but was led forward by Mrs.

Bridget to a large parlour at the farther end of this hall, where I was introduced to the august presence of my grandmother.

The parlour itself was boarded and wainscoted with oak, which was considerably embrowned with age, and embellished with a cornice of the same, curiously and richly carved, representing buds, flowers, and ears of corn, whimsically grouped together, in a kind of running pattern. The floor of this room was bright as a looking-glass, and the windows, though large, were casements in stone frames; the grate was highly polished, and filled with boughs of yew tree, although the weather was sufficiently cold; for my grandmother never allowed a fire to be lighted in any other part of her house than the kitchen, before a certain specified day of the year; and, until that period arrived, it was dangerous for any one to complain of being chilly under her roof, as the old lady was exceedingly tenacious of her own ways and opinions, and never failed to take such complaints, however delicately expressed, as censures of her management.

But to return to my story. At a small table, in the centre of this large, cold, and comfortless room (for such it appeared to me, as I was led into it by Mrs. Bridget) sat my grandmother. She was richly dressed, in a laced head-dress, a large hoop, a rich silk

gown, and long ruffles; having before her, on the table, a large gold snuff-box, and a pair of spectacles; opposite to her, at the same table, sat a thin tall starched figure, whom I afterward found to be a poor cousin, who filled up the complicated parts of companion, flatterer, and tea-maker to my grandmother, being one who could bear any thing, by which she might obtain the privilege of eating a good dinner every day, and now and then taking an airing in a coach and four.

My grandmother appeared to be holding forth, with no small vehemence, on some subject, by which she was strongly interested, at the moment when I entered; but on my cousin calling out, "Oh, madam! here comes pretty little miss," she ceased to speak, put on her spectacles, and holding her hand out to me, encouraged me to come up to her, saying—"and so, Bridget, you are earlier than I expected. Come, my dear, give me a kiss—you are welcome to Hartley-Hall."

I had by this time conceived so high an opinion of my grandmother, that I was considerably frightened when she drew me to her to kiss me, and failed not to avail myself of the first opportunity which offered itself of making my retreat to the other side of the table, where Mrs. Bridget was still standing, and waiting to answer such questions as her lady might choose to put to her.

And now, my reader, you may picture us all, as we are assembled round the table. My grandmother, in the first place, seated in her arm chair, dressed as I have before described her, and retaining such spirit, and even dignity of countenance, as proved that she had long been in a situation of command. My cousin Cicely sitting at her right hand, being a tall, thin, elderly maiden, dressed in my grandmother's cast clothes, and plying her needle with much diligence, whilst she from time to time stole a look at me, and then at my grandmother, uttering exclamations in confirmation of every opinion expressed in her presence. In addition to these, you may fancy Mrs. Bridget, who, in the presence of my grandmother, was all obsequiousness, and in consequence fell much in my opinion. And to finish the group, picture to yourself my figure, richly dressed in my new suit, which was standing on end with large flowers, and from terror and amazement, bringing into one point of view, almost every awkward trick I had ever learnt during the course of my life; at the same time gazing at my grandmother with eyes and mouth extended to their utmost capability.

Of the conversation which took place at this time, I remember a little; but in a very confused and disjointed state. Such, however, as I recollect, I shall deliver to my

reader, who is, I trust, not altogether uninterested in my concerns; although I must acknowledge that I have not yet appeared to him in the most attractive point of view which it is possible to imagine; for I was, in fact, at that period, as disagreeable and as impertinent a child as could be well imagined; being full of defects myself, and at the same time possessing much of that spirit of detraction so frequently met with in ordinary minds.

Agreeably with this spirit, I had scarcely received the salutations of my relations, before I began to make my private observations upon their appearances, characters, and conversations; and first, I remarked, that my grandmother had put her spectacles on, and was looking intently at me, at the same time that she addressed Mrs. Bridget to this effect:—"Did I hear you right, child—like my daughter, did you say? No, no, 'tis the father's face altogether."

"Miss is like her father, to be sure," said my cousin; "exceedingly like him—the very picture of him."

"How can you go for to say any such thing, Miss Cicely?" said Mrs. Bridget; "Miss Juliana is the very counterpart of her mother—I would venture to assert it in any company, and to any one's face. She only wants a little education, then it will be seen which

of us is right. Why, look you, Miss Cicely, she has the very fine black eye of the Hartleys."

"And," said my grandmother, with an expression which I could not make out, "what a discoverer of wonders you are, Bridget. And, I suppose," she added, "that you have also discerned in the child the same long neck and falling shoulders, for which I was remarked in my younger days."

"Madam is pleased to be merry," said Mrs. Bridget, smiling. "I said nothing about the shoulders;" and at the same time she tapped me on the neck, and gave me a signal to pull up.

"Miss is, certainly, not very upright," said my cousin Cicely, stitching away, and drawing herself into a more erect form than usual. "But you will try to do better, to please grandmamma—won't you, miss?" addressing me, and at the same time directing a side glance of her eye towards my grandmother.

I could have answered, that I did not know what I should choose to do, not having yet made up my mind whether I might think it worth my while to please my grandmother, or otherwise; but I thought it best to be silent, being anxious to catch every word which fell from the old lady's lips; who, after having looked some time longer upon me, deliberately

took off her spectacles, and whilst she put them into their case, uttered a kind of groan, exclaiming, at the same time, "I do not know what is to be done—I doubt whether it will ever be possible to make her fit to be seen."

"Oh! madam," said Mrs. Bridget, "did ever any one hear the like? When we have had the dancing-master, and the French master, and when I have altered the trimming of her slip, and taught miss to do open work and scolloping, she will be quite another thing; and you will say so, I am sure, madam."

"Well, well," said my grandmother, taking a pinch of snuff, "I hope your predictions will come true, Bridget; and I have the more confidence that they will do so, because I know that you have a tolerable taste and judgment for one of your condition."

Mrs. Bridget received this compliment with a courtesy, and left the room.

I remember no more of the conversation which then took place, and probably should not have remembered so much, had it not affected me so nearly, and kept me in a state of such doubt and suspense about my appearance; sometimes leading me to think that I was an absolute monster; and again filling me with the idea, that, if I chose, I might become a lady like my grandmother.

All further discussions respecting me, at

this time, were, however, as I well recollect, interrupted by the servants with the tea equipage. Soon after which our ears were saluted with a whoop and halloo, such as persons commonly use when calling dogs, and in a few minutes a great big figure, in a shooting-jacket and jockey-cap, entered the room, accompanied by five or six dogs. This person was no other than my uncle Barnaby, who, at the sight of me, fixed his hands on his sides, and laughed till he made the whole room ring again, calling me a little droll figure, a pug-dog, and a Dutch doll, and advising his mother to have my picture taken at full length; however, when his fit of merriment had somewhat subsided, he gave me a hearty kiss, and said, "you and I shall be good friends by and by," and began a kind of boisterous play with me, which was commonly renewed whenever we met, from that time for some years to come.

Thus have I given my reader a considerably detailed account of my first introduction into my grandmother's family; and shall proceed to say, that every thing I afterwards saw and heard was of a piece with this first introduction. I was presently made to despise my former modes of life and manners, and aspire to something which was considered more genteel. Mere worldly motives were given to me for exertion. I was taught to

think myself a person of great consequence, and to dread vulgarity and low life above all things; but, at the same time, entirely false notions were given me of the nature of true gentility, and I was led to confound poverty with coarseness, humility with meanness, and simplicity with awkwardness. I had no criterion given me by which I might distinguish true greatness from that which is false, or the fine polish of truly elegant manners from the false glare of fashion.

There is a certain good taste and discernment of what is really lovely, which true religion only can bestow; but at that period of my life of which I speak, I had not the least knowledge of religion, nor do I know that any attempt was ever made during my childhood, by any of my own family, to communicate to me any opinions on this subject. No time, however, was lost, as I well recollect, after my arrival in England, in modelling my exterior into something more tolerable than what it first presented. I was placed in the hands of the best dancing-master the neighbourhood would afford—was taught to enter a room with a skimming courtesy, such as was then in fashion—to manage my hoop with dexterity, when I stepped into a carriage—and to smile without displaying every tooth in my head, as I had been accustomed to do. I also learned to speak a little French, and

to play on the harpsichord; also, to do open work, and net purses, with certain other accomplishments of the same description, which I acquired from my friend Mrs. Bridget, who, whilst she taught me the exercise of my needle, failed not to amuse me with such discourses, as at once fed my pride and exalted my self-love.

CHAPTER II

Goes to a Boarding School—her journey thither, in company with her grandmother—description of her Governess.

THREE years had now elapsed since I had been brought to England, and those who had seen me on my first arrival scarcely could recognise the little wild Irish girl in the haughty miss into which she was then converted.

About this time my uncle Barnaby went to London, why or wherefore I know not; but this I remember, that he went with some reluctance, and stayed a long time; so long, indeed, that my grandmother, who never trusted him long out of her sight, thought it expedient to go up to town in search of him; and on this occasion, as I was not thought old enough to be introduced into the world, and as she had no one with whom she could conveniently leave me at Hartley-Hall, as I was known to have a high spirit, she began to look about for a school in the neighbourhood, in which she might place me for a few months.

The old lady had some difficulty in making me submit to this arrangement, for my heart

beat for a journey to London; but my grandmother was tolerably peremptory when she had once decided upon any point, and as I happened to know this feature in her character, I was compelled to acquiesce.

My grandmother, after having brought me to consent, had some difficulty to decide upon a school suitable to her purpose, but, after some deliberation, her choice was fixed by the lady of the rector of the parish, who mentioned a little seminary in a neighbouring village, where a niece of hers had been placed for two years, and had done great honour to her teacher, by a peacock which she had worked in chenilles, and which was said to be even more beautiful than the creature itself, in its greatest perfection. This was enough, my grandmother fixed on the school in question without further hesitation; and, the governess having been duly apprized of our intentions, we set out one fine afternoon, in the month of July, in my grandmother's coach and four, in quest of this seminary.

A few months before these events had taken place, a young lady from a boarding school, in the neighbouring town, had been spending the holidays at Hartley-Hall, and as she was my bed-fellow when there, I had been amused, I will not say profited, during many a long night, with details of her school

frolics, of tricks played to the masters, of tarts purloined, of governesses deceived, and teachers insulted.

The hope of being enabled to have a part in exploits like these had done more to reconcile me to the prospect of going to school than all the arguments of my grandmother, and her auxiliaries, Mrs. Cicely and Mrs. Bridget, brought together in one point of view.

Accordingly, when my grandmother and I got into the coach, I was presently lost in the anticipation of these frolics, and scarcely observed the direction in which we were moving, till we had left the Hall considerably behind us, and were advanced upon a road which led through the most intricate and solitary parts of the park.

I remember that it had been an exceedingly hot day, and therefore the deep shade of the trees was particularly grateful to us. It was also amusing to see the deer start and fly away at the unusual sound of wheels in this solitude, and even the birds seemed to be disturbed as the coach brushed between the trees.

“And where are we going, madam?” I said, as I addressed my grandmother, “there is no town that I know of, in this direction.”

My grandmother then informed me, that the place we were going to was retired, that

I should have few companions, but that I should be perfectly safe, and might be very happy till her return. This description of the place of my destination did not by any means coincide with the expectations which I had conceived, and in a moment destroyed all the plans of amusement which I had formed. I in consequence became sullen, and remained silent till the carriage emerged from the shadowy scenes which I have described, and passing through a gate of the park, which was seldom required to be opened, entered upon a common, skirted with many trees towards the west: from which arose, in the very face of the setting sun, a slender white spire, which belonged to the village church. Many cottages and other humble habitations were seen here and there, partially covered by the trees. A number of sheep were feeding on this common, where the wild thyme and heather blossoms afforded many a fragrant banquet for the bees.

As soon as we entered on this heath, we were aware of the freshness and balmy sweetness of the evening breeze; and any one but a person agitated, as I then was, with high and angry passions, would have been touched and interested by the soothing tranquillity and charming simplicity of this scene.

Although the common was more than a mile across, we soon reached the entrance of.

the village, which I have before described as being situated among trees, and passing immediately under the church, and along a kind of rural street, we presently came to a stop before a small house, which, for its neatness, simplicity, and the romantic beauty of its situation, is seldom equalled, and, perhaps, never excelled. The house itself was old and irregularly built, presenting to the front two gable ends, with a porch between; the roof was high and slanting, being covered with thatch, and having several windows projecting from this thatch. The house itself was incrustated with a kind of rough cast, washed white, and it seemed as if nature had been peculiarly fanciful in the formation of the grounds around this dwelling, forming in a small compass such a variety of hill and dale as is rarely to be met with in a space of many miles. Neither was there wanting, to complete this fairy landscape, the utmost variety of fragrant flowers, whether wild or cultivated by the hand of man; which, together with the richest verdure, and the sparkling of a little brook, that came tumbling down from the higher grounds, formed altogether such a delicious retreat as monarchs might envy. Near this house a milk-white cow was feeding in a small field, and as soon as the carriage stopped, our ears were saluted with the joyful exclamations of

children at play. The notes were not loud or harsh, but indicative of well-educated sprightliness and chastened merriment. My grandmother was gratified, and expressed her pleasure at this scene

We alighted, and walked up the garden-walk to the house door; there, having knocked, the door was opened to us by a neat female servant, and we were introduced into the best parlour, or room kept for visitors, where, whilst we waited the appearance of the mistress of the house, I had the opportunity of making such comments on all I saw as served to feed my pride and increase my ill-humour.

The apartment was of a tolerable size, and had been handsomely fitted up in its day; but its ornaments were old fashioned, and bore the marks of the ravages of time; and though the utmost attention had been evidently paid to neatness through every part of it, yet there were certain circumstances relative to its furniture, and even its walls, which proved to me that its inhabitants were such as found it necessary to be attentive to economy. The old fashioned hangings had been repaired, and eked out in several places; the furniture of the chairs was of patch-work, and several pieces of needle work, which hung upon the wall, wanted those frames of gilt work, and that glazing which I thought they deserved.

Being occupied in discerning these blemishes, I had no eye for a wilderness of sweets and beauties which was spread before the open window, till my attention was called to it by my grandmother, who hinted that I could not be otherwise than happy in a situation abounding with so many delicious circumstances.

Before the pert reply which hung upon my lips had time to reform itself into words, the door of the room opened, and the mistress of the house, whom I shall henceforward call my governess, entered the room, and paid her compliments to us with such an air of Christian humility, unfeigned charity, and undesigning simplicity, as for a moment awed me into something like respect. She was a little woman, considerably advanced in years, and habited as a widow. She had in her younger days been handsome, as was very evident from the regularity of her features, and the remaining delicacy of her complexion; but that which was most remarkable in her appearance, was the expression of that grace which enables us to bear afflictions and calamities with constancy and calmness of mind, and with a ready and cheerful submission to the will of God. Even to one blinded by pride as I was, these characteristics were sufficiently legible, and seemed to demand my esteem, as it were, in spite of myself;

and, probably, I should have been more ready to have bestowed it, had I not perceived in the dress of this excellent and amiable person certain little circumstances which marked a degree of frugality, which I, as the pupil of the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Bridget, had learned to look upon with the most sovereign contempt. What these circumstances were I now forget, but, probably, some symptoms of repairs in her well saved gown.

CHAPTER III.

Her grandmother's departure—she is introduced to Anna and her companions—their conversation with the Governess.

I REMEMBER little of what passed between my grandmother and my new governess, and can only recollect that when my grandmother arose, I followed her to the door, and burst into tears. My grandmother failed not to chide me for what she considered as a symptom of a want of submission to her will, and, hastening to her carriage, left me with my governess, who, addressing me kindly, entreated that I would be comforted, and, in order, probably to divert my thoughts, asked me if I would accompany her into the garden, whither she was going to call her children.

So saying, she offered her hand, that hand which, as I afterwards found, was so continually employed in softening the bed of sickness, and conveying relief to the distressed; but I pretended not to observe the motion, and drawing back with affected humility, to permit her to go first, followed her through a back door of the small hall or vestibule, into a garden, where I presently seemed lost in a kind of flowery labyrinth. Through this I,

however, soon made my way, being led by my governess, who at length brought me out on a green terrace, terminated by an alcove, in which several children were busily engaged in play; a little table stood before them in the centre of the alcove, on which lay several dolls, which I rather wondered at, as three of the young people appeared to be nearly my own age. This little party consisted of six, and I could, at this moment, give my reader not only each of their names, but the exact description of all their persons. I shall, however, content myself with the minute description of one only, who, being the eldest of the party, and the niece of my governess, seemed to exert a gentle authority over the rest.

The name of this little girl was Anna, and, at the time that I knew her, she was thirteen years of age, though, from her appearance, she might have passed for much younger; whilst the constant prudence and equanimity of her deportment would have done credit to one a great deal older.

The appearance of youth, which I mentioned, proceeded from her extraordinary delicacy of complexion, the mildness of her eyes, and the dimples which played around her coral lips, together with a simplicity as charming as it is uncommon.

At the moment when we were first seen approaching the bower, she was forming a

wreath of eglantine, and fastening it on the hat of the youngest of the little group, a pretty child of about five years old, whose name was Ermina, and whom I afterwards found to be an orphan; whilst the others were all calling upon her to take some office in their gambols, which could not be agreeable without their beloved Anna.

At sight of us, however, the sports immediately ceased; but not the gay expression of the happy party, who, after having paid their compliments to me, with that kind of politeness which proceeds from real good will, gathered round their governess, and silently, yet eagerly strove to obtain one of those hands which I, but now, had so insolently rejected. The old lady looked around upon her little people with a kind of maternal tenderness, and, reminding them that it was getting late, moved, in the midst of them, towards the house.

When arrived there, we were taken into the school room, the simple furniture of which again afforded matter for my comments. Here the cloth was laid on the oak table, and a little supper set out, which I afterwards found had been done in compliment to me, as a new comer, as no meal at this hour ever afterwards appeared.

This plain and homely repast, excellent as it was of its kind, consisting of strawberries

and cream, and small white loaves, brought with it no satisfaction to me, because I was resolved not to be pleased; but I found that this unexpected treat was a matter of high delight to the blooming and smiling young creatures, with whom I was now associated. On this occasion the gentle Anna displayed all her dimples, and the little Ermina, who was commonly called Minny by those who loved her, absolutely broke out into such an intemperance of mirth, that her governess was compelled to look somewhat seriously upon her; but this cloud being past away, sunshine was presently restored to every countenance, for I speak not of my own. And now I witnessed that which I had never before seen, namely, that innocent play of spirits and of wit, which can only proceed from those who feel their minds at peace with respect to their most important concerns. It is written, "for as the crackling of thorns under the pot, so is the laughter of fools."—(*Eccles. vii. 6.*) And again, "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—(*Prov. xiv. 13.*) But, "the Lord will bless his people with peace." (*Psal. xxix. 11.*) And it was, indeed, such a peaceful, such a tranquil state of enjoyment, which I now witnessed, as I never before had formed a conception of; and then could by no means understand. I remember,

however, (for my memory is particularly tenacious of the events of these days,) many remarks that were made, whilst this little assembly were regaling themselves with the simple fare which was spread before them. And first, our governess observed, that "she could not conceive any delicacy whatever, which labour or money could procure, more exquisite than the present feast which was spread before them, and hence," said she, "we may infer the goodness of the Almighty, who prepares such dainties for humble and simple persons, as the tables of kings could not excel."

She then remarked, that "fruit was the food of sinless man in Paradise," and proceeded to point it out as the Scripture emblem of all manner of spiritual good things.

She then proceeded to speak of Eden, and the manner of man's life in that ancient seat of glory, hinting that "there were many assurances in Scripture of the restoration of that same blessed order of things, which prevailed before the fall, in the last days of the world."

Her young people, I observed, answered her as if well acquainted with the subjects she was speaking of; and expressed a wish that they might be enabled to conform to that simplicity of habits and behaviour, which their Saviour loved.

“And here,” said Anna, on whom my eyes had been almost constantly fixed, ever since I had sat down to table, being, as it were, fascinated by the extraordinary simplicity and beauty of her expression, “if it were possible to form a paradise in this present state of things, we have every thing here which might be needful: trees, and flowers, and brooks, and breezy lawns, and shadowy bowers, and leisure to receive instruction, without any worldly people to come in and destroy our peace.”

“My dear child,” replied her aunt, “that retreat must be deep indeed, into which sin and the world do not enter. Remember, that the seat of sin is in the heart, and whoever knows his own heart must be assured that a very great change must pass in that heart, before he is fit to become an inhabitant of Eden.”

“Oh! my aunt,” replied Anna, whilst such a lovely blush rose on her cheeks, as I had never before seen, and a tear trembled in her gentle eye, “I was far from presuming to say, that although this place is like a paradise to me, that we are, any of us, fit to live in Eden. I know that we are all desperately wicked by nature, and that ‘there is none good, no, not one.’”

Had not pride sealed my lips, I should have spoken on hearing this remark; but as I be-

lieved it was more for my dignity to remain perfectly silent, I failed not so to do, contenting myself with fixing my eyes, with an unmoved gaze, upon my young school-fellow. She, however, either did not, or would not notice my rudeness; but looked attentively at her aunt, who thus addressed her: "I believe you, my dear; I am sure you have too much humility to question your own natural depravity, or that of any of your fellow-creatures. You have not so read your Bible, I trust, my child: and this being premised, I cordially agree with you in what you have further said respecting this place, and our little society here. If there is a set of persons on earth, who are happy in each other, and surrounded by blessings, it is ourselves; and though we have the sin of our nature still to contend with, and shall have until death, nevertheless, we have often such sweet experience of the tender love of our God and our Saviour, that we find as much of Eden in this our humble retreat, as was ever found on earth since the fall of man."

CHAPTER IV.

She retires to rest, for the first time, at school—the apartment,—its furniture and ornaments—overhears the morning hymn of her school-fellows—the course of instruction pursued in this boarding-school.

THE conversation then took a less serious turn. Little Minny made some remark which made all the little ones laugh; and my governess told us some curious anecdotes of her childhood, exhibiting before us curious pictures of the manners of those times, and contrasting them with those of the then present day.

When the hour of separation arrived, our governess knelt down in the midst of us, and prayed; after which I was led up stairs into a small room, where I was made to understand that I was to sleep alone; an arrangement which did not please me, for I had seen a young lady at supper, who was called by her school-fellows, Olivia, whom I had fixed upon as my bed-fellow, having conceived some hope that she was a character which might be worked upon, and which might be won over to my own ways of thinking. There was however, as I thought, no use in expostulation; I therefore wished my governess, who

had attended me to my room, a good night, with no small ceremony; and when she was gone, turned round to contemplate every circumstance about my little apartment.

The bed was small, and hung with blue and white check; the walls were covered with common blue paper. An old fashioned glass stood on a toilet, at one end of the room, and two old upright rush-bottomed chairs stood on each side of the bed. On the antiquated mantel-piece stood two lambs of wood or wire, clothed in cotton wool, and having eyes made of black beads; and above, upon the wall, was a small red and white oil painting, representing two little children, which, like the babes in the wood, stood hand in hand, the one being the similitude of a little boy, as I judged, by his robings, and a small whip which he held in the hand which was unoccupied, and the other, undoubtedly, a little girl, as her cap was adorned with a bunch of roses.

Although the painting was but an ordinary one, there was not wanting, in the expression of these little ones, in their delicate features, their coral lips, and soft blue eyes, a certain something which would have induced the spectator to believe that they might once have been some tender mother's pride, and would have induced him to ask, whose are these little ones? where are they now?

what has been their fate? has any mother mourned their early deaths? But no tender inquiries of this kind suggested themselves to my mind. On the contrary, I turned away disgusted, from all I saw, and throwing myself on a chair, burst into a flood of tears, proceeding from pride, passion, and selfishness. However, when I had bewailed my fancied afflictions for a sufficient length of time, I bethought myself of going to bed, where I soon fell into a much more profound refreshing sleep than a person in my afflicted case could be expected to enjoy.

It was morning when I awoke, and the red beams of the early sun rested on the walls of my room. I got up in haste, and opened my window; the air was balmy and fragrant, and the dew still glistened on the grass and flowers, on the bank opposite my window, for the ground of the garden arose with considerable precipitancy from the house to the higher parts of the garden. There, whilst I stood for a moment, I suddenly heard a chorus of soft and melodious voices rising up towards my open window, as from the room below, and could distinctly make out the following verses:

To thee, our Father and our God,
Our joyful songs we'll raise;
Be all our pleasure and delight,
To celebrate thy praise.

To worship and to serve thee, Lord,
Give us no work but this ;
Employments such as angels love,
We ask no other bliss.

I can give you little idea of what my feelings were on hearing this strain, but I recollect that I stood at the window till it ceased, and then lifting up my eyes toward a grove of oak trees, which was situated at the top of the hill, beyond the bounds of the garden, and presented beneath its branches many shadowy and inviting recesses, I began to compare in my own mind those pleasures of religion and retirement, spoken of the day before by my governess, with those scenes of pomp and worldly pleasure which I had often heard my grandmother describe. At length, recollecting myself, I hastened to dress, and to make my appearance at the breakfast table, where the little family were by this time assembled. After breakfast my governess appointed me a place in the school-room, and every one was presently engaged in her usual employment. Education, at that period, was in some respects not so well understood as it now is; in others, perhaps, much better: fewer accomplishments were then taught, the French language even was little studied, and not taught at all by our governess, but she took great pains to teach her pupils to read and write their own language with pro-

priety. She understood history and geography well—was an excellent Bible scholar, and few persons had such skill with their needle. She accordingly arranged her day in such a way as to give proper attention to each of these branches of instruction. The mornings were always devoted by her to making us learn our lessons and write;—at one we dined, after which we took some exercise for an hour, and then assembled again till five o'clock, which period was devoted to our needles, whilst one of the party, by turns, read the Bible aloud, or sometimes one or other of those few little volumes which were at that time prepared for children.

CHAPTER V.

Dissatisfied during her first evening at school—Olivia inquires the cause—their conversation.

THE first evening which I spent at the school was very rainy; accordingly having spent our time till five o'clock in the way I have mentioned, we then drank tea, after which we were allowed to play, and the dolls were produced, at the sight of which my pride again took alarm; and though Anna explained to me that it was partly in accommodation to the taste of the little ones that the elder children submitted to this kind of amusement, yet I could by no means bring my mind to a participation of these puerile entertainments, and in consequence sat down in the window-seat, determined not to make myself agreeable.

In the mean time the dolls were dressed, and I observed that Anna (who but now had pleaded the desire to please the little ones, as a kind of apology for playing with dolls) was to the full as deeply engaged in the amusement as Minny herself; and now, if it will not be deemed out of place, I must pause to make this remark, which has often

occurred to me, though I cannot recollect having heard it made by any other person—viz. “That uneducated and unsubdued children are as unfit for play as for work, and that the same qualities are requisite to make a child agreeable in the play-room, as successful in the school-room.” The generality of children are aptly described by almost the very words of our Saviour, (*Matt.* xi. 16, 17.)—“We may pipe unto them, and they will not dance; we may mourn unto them, and they will not weep.”

Perhaps some persons may feel themselves inclined to doubt the accuracy of this remark, and for this reason—that it is commonly supposed that there are in all societies of children certain popular characters which are more agreeable to their companions than to their masters. I answer—that there are characters who have a natural influence over their fellow-creatures, and that such will always have a party, and a number of adherents in every society; but let these characters be closely examined, and it will be found that they form no exception to my proposition, viz. “That the same qualities which make a child agreeable and successful in the school-room, are equally necessary to make him acceptable upon the play-ground.”

But to return to my former self, whom I left sulking on the window-seat. I had re-

mained for some time, utterly neglected by the happy party, when Olivia, of whom I before spoke, during a pause of the play, sidled up to me, and after some hesitation, addressed me with a request to join in the amusement. I answered, in a low voice, "that I was too unhappy to play."

"Unhappy, miss!" replied the other, "I am sorry for it; what has made you unhappy?" and at the same time she took a place on the corner of the same window-seat on which I had enthroned myself, in all the dignity of my fancied importance.

As the rest of the party were now again engaged in high festivity, having made houses with benches in the two farther corners of the room, and divided themselves into families, I had full leisure to answer Olivia's question, and I failed not to make the best of it, by representing my case in a very doleful point of view.

I first described my happiness at home, the splendour of my grandmother's establishment, the habits to which I had been accustomed, the silver mug out of which I drank, and the superb tea-cup from which I daily sipped my breakfast! and then I proceeded to draw the dreadful reverse of my situation, the comparatively small room in which I sat, the closet in which I slept, the exchange of damask curtains for hangings of blue check,

together with sundry other afflictions of the same nature, which I described as being altogether more than I could bear.

In reply to this, Olivia looked at me, with an expression indeed of some compassion, for I was crying bitterly, but with more wonder; and, at length, she said, "but we are very happy here. Every thing is quite clean; and what signify those things you talk of?"

"What signify those things, miss!" I said; "why nothing at all, to those people who know nothing better."

"Oh! but," said Olivia, "I do know better things, for our tea-room at home, miss, is hung with pea-green cut velvet paper; and our best bed-room is of red damask."

I gave a look of contempt as much as to say who cares for your tea-room, and your best bed-chamber—what are you compared with me? For I had learnt that she was the daughter of an attorney in a neighbouring town. However, as I felt the need of some person to fill up the place of Mrs. Bridget in my confidence, I thought it best to answer her with some politeness, and, accordingly, replied, that "pea-green was as pretty a colour as could well be imagined for a tea-room, and expressed my astonishment that she, who had been used to so handsome an

partment, should be perfectly happy in such house as that in which she then resided."

"Oh! but," said Olivia, "we do not sit in the tea-room every day, only when there is company; and I am always glad to get out of it, for I am so afraid of soiling the carpet, or some other such mischief."

Our conversation then took another turn, and I told her how many suits I had—how they were trimmed—what jewels my grandmother had in her jewel box, and how many head-dresses of lace she bought during the year, with other matters of equal moment, by which vanities I so far worked on the mind of my little companion, that, when she was at length called to join the play, she answered dutifully, that "she was tired, and did not love dolls."

Thus had the poison begun to work, and the worldly discourse which I had introduced into this seat of peace had already begun to produce its never-failing effect, namely, the exchange of cheerfulness for gloom, and peace for discontent, in the mind of that person who had been exposed to the temptation.

It was getting dusk, and the hour of retirement was near at hand, when our governess appeared at the door. At the sight of her, all the younger part of the company ran up to her, and, leading her to a chair, begged

her to sit down and tell them a story. She smiled, but suffered herself to be prevailed upon, and taking little Minny on her lap, told us several stories, which combined the most useful instruction with the most pleasing amusement.

CHAPTER VI.

Juliana acquires religious knowledge, but still cherishes the idea of her own superiority—the cause of her intimacy with Olivia, discovered by Anna.

As I have now given my reader a view of one twenty-four hours in my new situation, I shall now content myself with saying, that as this first day passed, so passed many more days, and in fact some weeks, with little variety, excepting that whenever the evenings were fine, we walked out and explored many exquisite scenes, of which I should despair to give an adequate description; for after all, when even the finest writer has assembled every beautiful object which our rocks and hills, our forests and our brawling brooks, and transparent lakes, can possibly afford, together with every charm of fragrant flower, breezy lawn, azure sky, &c. it must depend on the imagination of the reader to group them with taste, and represent them to himself with accuracy. But enough of this, and too much, perhaps, considering that it is for very young persons I am now writing, and that these commonly consider all matters impertinent, in a narrative of this kind,

which do not immediately promote the progress of the story.

These walks of which I speak had generally some act of charity for their end and object; and not unseldom, when these little works of love were accomplished, and some poor creature relieved by a present of a garment, or a cordial, or some other small matter, would we sit down under the shade of some spreading tree, or on the side of a hill, or near some brook, or bank of flowers—and there, whilst the little ones played around her, our governess would take occasion to tell her elder children some profitable story, or pleasant anecdote, for which she not unseldom took the hint from some natural object within her view, elucidating many parts of Scripture from these, and teaching us, as it were, to read in the book of nature, and compare visible with invisible, and natural with spiritual things.

It was on certain occasions of this kind that I formed my first ideas of some of the most important doctrines of our blessed religion, namely, the doctrine of man's depravity—of his utter helplessness—of the nature of the Holy Trinity, that is, as far as man can be said to comprehend it—of the love of the Father—the work of redemption finished by the Son—and the various operations of the Holy Spirit. It is very true that I was not

led at these times to admit the love of Christ into my heart, although my head was furnished with much knowledge; neither did the world lose any of its hold upon me; and though sometimes almost surprised out of my cold insolence by the sweetness and gentleness of my instructress and companions, the world, nevertheless, retained its full power; and whilst I remained at school I never lost sight of my first object, which was, if possible, to make those about me feel their own littleness and my superiority.

In this view I was however strangely baffled for a length of time, by the uncommon simplicity, and what I called ignorance of those about me. With the exception of Olivia, no one seemed to be in the least aware of my importance, and yet I could not complain of the slightest want of respect; in vain did I talk of my grandmother's coach and four, and produced one piece of finery after another, my school-fellows seemed to want that faculty by which things of this kind could be appreciated, and if they were polite to me, they were equally so to the curate's wife, who now and then came to drink tea with our governess. Thus I had the mortification to see that I had no influence over any one in the house but Olivia, who after a while withdrew herself almost entirely from Anna and the rest of the

little party, and associated herself on every convenient occasion with me.

I have given my reader a specimen of the manner in which our conversation began, but I would not deceive him so far as to lead him to suppose that, in the course of its progress, it continued to touch upon topics equally harmless with the description of the pea-green hangings.

Olivia, after a few weeks, used to come into my room at night, in order to help me to undress, as I had pathetically stated my difficulties in being without a waiting-maid; and on these occasions it would be much more easy to point out what we did not speak of, than what we did. I, for instance, told the whole history, as far as I knew, of my own family; and took off all the singularities of my grandmother, my cousin Cicely, and my uncle Barnaby, being at the same time very careful to let my young companion see that we were people of no small consequence, and that our very singularities showed our importance.—And in return for these communications, my school-fellow told me all she knew of our governess and school-fellows, and joined with me in ridiculing the humble modes of life of the former, and trying to fasten upon her the imputation of meanness.

Thus I led on this little girl from one fault to another, till the simplicity and cheerfulness

at first remarkable in her deportment entirely disappeared, and gloom and sullenness succeeded. And oh! I would it were in my power to suppose that Olivia was a solitary instance of this kind of corruption, practised by one school-fellow upon another.

But to proceed with my story.—Upon reflection on my governess's character, it appears to me, that, lovely and excellent as she was, she had neither the spirit to contend with such a character as mine, nor, perhaps, the discernment to penetrate its deep corruption. She was without guile herself, and without suspicion of evil in others; a woman of a gentle and tender disposition, and one, than whom no one could be more fit to manage humble and well disposed children, and to lead them forward in the heavenly way.

Things had passed on in the manner I have described, for some weeks, and I believed that the change in Olivia had not been observed, nor the nature of our conversations understood by any one, but it seems that I was mistaken, as I shall presently make appear.

It was the first day in August, and it had been the custom for some years in our little school to bestow some annual prizes on the second of that month, which was Anna's birth-day. Many pretty presents, consisting of embroidered pin-cushions and work-bags,

were ready for the occasion: and if the evening was fine the children were to have a treat in the alcove on the terrace, which on that occasion was always decorated by them, with wreaths and garlands of flowers.

On the eve of this day, at the hour of retirement, Olivia came as usual into my room, and I thus addressed her, using less caution, and speaking louder, than I had formerly done:—"And to-morrow is the great day," I said, "the day of days, and I suppose, Olivia, that you mean to be as gay as Minny herself." Before Olivia could reply, Anna came in behind her, and called her school-fellow by name, as soon as I ceased to speak. We both started at the sound of her voice, and reddened to our very eyes.

Anna came forward with a calm dignity, such as I have never since seen in one of her age, and addressing Olivia, she said, "I am come to say that it would be better for you to withdraw to your own room; henceforward I will assist Miss Oakley, if help is needful for her."

"And why must Olivia go to her room, Miss Anna?" I asked.

"Because," said she, calmly, "you are doing each other the greatest mischief by your conversation, and setting each other against your best friends." "And how do you know all this, miss?" I said, "you have

been listening at the door." "No," said Anna, "I never listened in the way you hint at, but I have long seen that Olivia is entirely changed—she is no more the pleasant and cheerful companion she once was—she is not full of love and joy as she was in past days. I could not account for this change, because I did not suspect you, Miss Juliana; but what I heard this moment, as I was coming into the room on an errand from my aunt, has opened my eyes, and led me to understand the cause of the change in my Olivia." "And what did you hear?" said I, swelling with passion.

"An expression of contempt uttered by you, and unproved by Olivia, that Olivia too," continued the sweet girl, "whom I once so tenderly loved. And what was it, Olivia," she asked, "that you were speaking of with contempt? Why, of an effort about to be made by your kind, your gentle governess, to make you happy. Oh! pride, pride," she added, clasping her hands in a manner indescribably pathetic, "to what cruelties does this passion lead us." Then bursting into tears, "Olivia! Olivia!" she said, "I thought you really loved and honoured my aunt—you who are so well acquainted with her history—who have heard the detail of all her sorrows—who have seen her gentle tears flowing at the

memory of her husband and children dead, those sweet children," added Anna, directing us, by a glance of her streaming eyes, to the painting before mentioned, over the chimney-piece, "who were once her treasures, her only earthly comforts—you who have, for months past, had occasion to witness her self-denial, her charity, her extraordinary liberality—you who have experienced her indulgence so long, and have professed so much filial affection for her—Olivia, Olivia, I could not have believed this of you."

So saying, she was so entirely overcome by her feelings, as to sob aloud. Olivia looked at her with every expression of guilt and shame, and uttered not a single word; but I, who had less feeling and less modesty than my fellow offender, was able to speak, and asked with much pertness, "what it was we were suspected of?"

By this time she had, in a great measure, recovered her composure. She had arisen from her chair, and again coming close to us, kissed Olivia, and approaching her sweet face to me, as if to invite me to the same token of reconciliation, which I, however, thought right not to notice; and then, making a kind of apology for the agitation which she had betrayed, she proceeded to plead the interests of religion to us in a manner at once so forcible and so simple, and to state, in a style so

emphatic and so striking, the loveliness of a peaceful, modest, and grateful behaviour, in young people such as we then were, that Olivia appeared to be very much overcome, and it was with difficulty that I could restrain my emotions.

“It is true, Miss Oakley,” said she, “that you have been accustomed to live in a very different way to what we do; but, since it has been your grandmother’s good pleasure to place you here, it has become a duty in you to submit as entirely to your governess’s pleasure, as the youngest child in this house. Remember the example of our Saviour, who, though God in human flesh, submitted himself to the will of his mother, not only till he was our age, but until he was thirty years old, working with his reputed father at his trade, and submitting to the humble circumstances of his situation. Remember the sweet words of the hymn:—

“What blest examples do we find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

“Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his father’s law.

“At twelve years old he talked with men,
The Jews all wondering stand;
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.”

When the sweet Anna (for lovely and precious she is, indeed, in my recollection, little as I prized her at that time) had finished these verses, she took Olivia by the hand and led her out of the room, having wished me a good night, in a manner very little varied from her usual graciousness.

CHAPTER VII.

Olivia's stolen interview with Juliana, who would not accept the invitation of Anna—the distribution of the prizes—Juliana's ungenerous conduct to her governess, and the sudden arrival of Mrs. Bridget.

I HAVE no recollection of what passed in my mind when Anna left me; but I well remember that I slept till the next morning, when I was awakened by the voices of my school-fellows under my window, busily speculating upon the weather, and deciding, from the very heavy dew upon the grass, and the cloudless azure of the sky, that it would be a charming day. Soon after these awakening calls, I got up, and going to my window saw the children busy in their preparations, in the alcove, which, as I have before said, was in the very highest part of the garden.

“I hope,” said I to myself, as I opened the window, “that Olivia is not with them. but, perhaps, the poor girl cannot help herself, she is overawed by her companions. Well, to-day I shall have an opportunity of letting them see how little I care for them.”

I stood, however, at the window, looking on what was passing, till the bell rang to call

us to prayers, at the sound of which, the young people came running in, every face being radiant with happiness, and with that kind of true happiness too, with which the duties of religion appeared to form no kind of discordance.

There was more talking than usual at breakfast among the young people; each of whom had some little scheme for rendering the day more delightful, to impart to her governess: and even Olivia looked as if she could have thoroughly enjoyed herself, had not I been present to sustain, by my significant and stolen glances, that influence which I had so lately obtained.

After breakfast, the young ones again hastened to their arbour, and my governess went into a little light closet, which opened from the parlour, and where she kept her stores, as it was supposed, to prepare some little feast, and, perhaps, to wrap up the presents which were prepared, and to direct them according to their several designations. This breaking up of the breakfast party occasioned a little bustle, during which I got to the side of Olivia, and whispered to her, "watch your opportunity, and come to me in my room, I have something to say." The little girl turned hastily to me, and nodding her head as a sign of assent, she ran out into the garden with her school-fellows, whilst I went up to

my room, and endeavoured to amuse myself with the examination of my clothes.

I had passed some little time in this way, when I heard my name repeated by some one standing under my window, and looking out, I saw Anna standing and looking up.

Never shall I forget her figure, as it there presented itself; she was dressed in the simplest manner imaginable, in a slip of dove coloured stuff, with a muslin apron and bib, the corner of her apron being tucked up to her waist. She had taken off her cap, and round eared little flat straw hat, which were then in fashion, and her fair hair, in consequence, fell in a thousand charming ringlets over her face and neck, and on her head she was balancing a basket full of roses, which the old man, who cultivated the garden, had just bestowed on her, in order to adorn her bower.

As soon as she saw me at the window, she raised one hand to support her basket, and courtseying low, with a smile full of sweetness, "I am come," she said, "an unworthy messenger, indeed, from the lady Ermina, whom we have chosen to be our queen, to solicit the honour of your company, Miss Oakley. Permit me," she added, "to lead you to our palace, where we promise you that which is not always to be met with in the bowers of queens, namely, a hearty welcome and much good faith."

It might seem to be almost impossible to reject such an invitation, thus sweetly tendered; nevertheless, I did reject it, for I had resolved not to be pleased with any thing I saw or heard in this place, and coldly thanking the person who had been sent to invite me, I sat down to repair a necklace of garnets which I had broken the day before.

It was not till after we had met to dinner, and were again dispersed, that Olivia found her way into my room. She then came, apparently in a great hurry, and asked me what I wanted.

I repeated her last words with some astonishment, and asked her, "why she had not come before?"

"I could not very well," she said; "I could not without being observed."

"I can scarcely believe that, Olivia," I said; "no, the truth is this, you are amused with these child's plays, and are anxious for some of those sixpenny gewgaws which are to be given away this evening. And after all, why should I wonder, when I consider that you have seen nothing of the world yet—
nothing beyond your own pea-green tea-room and this place?"

On hearing this Olivia reddened, as well she might, at my rudeness, and I was instantly made aware that I had said too much, and that I should entirely lose my ally, if I did

not alter my tone. I accordingly began immediately to hint at an invitation which I intended some time or other to give her to Hartley-Hall, and at certain little presents which I intended for her, when I could go home and look after my things; and when by this means I had got her into some good humour, I said, "I am sure, Olivia, when we are all met together this evening, and the parson's children are come, and the prizes are given—I am sure you won't think of playing."

She hesitated a little, on which I pressed the point; and she had just given me a hesitating promise that she would acquiesce in my wishes, when one of the other children came to the door, and told her, that "Miss Anna inquired for her, and begged she would come immediately." She blushed on receiving this summons, and ran away with such haste, that I half suspected she was not quite so sincere in my cause as I had hoped.

Now, it may be asked, what motive I could possibly have had for endeavouring to make a disturbance in this little family? I answer, that "my motive was a mixture of pride and envy; and I fear that there are few societies on earth which have not suffered, more or less, from characters of this kind."

After Olivia had left me, I remained for some time alone, busy with my garnets, till

about four in the evening, when I was summoned to join the rest of the family, and a few visitors, who were come to see the little festival, and the distribution of the prizes. When arrived on the terrace, I found the company consisted only of one or two of our nearest neighbours, and the wife of the curate, and these were seated on chairs opposite the alcove, in which were placed two small tables, the one covered with a little repast of fruit and sweetmeats, and the other with the prizes and presents which were to be distributed. The children stood in a half-circle round these tables, and being dressed in flowers, as well as the alcove itself, they presented a very pleasing spectacle to the eye. As I had no reason to expect any present, I made no attempt to join this smiling group, but placed myself in a situation from whence I could observe all that passed.

Sundry little ceremonies now took place, and the governess took occasion to commend some of the little girls for certain excellences, and to thank others for certain proofs of affection, honour, good manners, &c. which they had given during the past year. By what she said to Olivia, I perceived that Anna had not explained the scene of the past night to her aunt, and I was obliged to confess that there was much, very much of kindness in this forbearance, at the period when

she would have brought her little friend to public disgrace by a contrary conduct. Olivia blushed violently when she heard the commendations of her governess, and seemed as if it were absolutely out of her power to lift her eyes from the ground.

Our governess having finished her addresses to her pupils, the prizes were delivered, after which the little ones left their places in the alcove, and came forward to speak to their friends, and to examine their little presents, every eye at the same time sparkling with pleasure, and every young heart beating with rapture. In the confusion which ensued in consequence of these removals of the young party, I contrived to get near Olivia, and interrupting her in the midst of certain exclamations of delight, on account of a blue satin thread case which she had just received, "Olivia," I said, "I am glad to see you so happy; but why do I wonder that babes should be delighted with play-things!"

I forget what answer she made; but we conversed for some minutes, during which I succeeded in making her very uneasy. All her gaiety left her; and she was on the point of bursting into tears. Whilst struggling with these feelings, our governess and Anna had begun to hand about the fruit and cakes; and the kind old lady coming up to us smiling, held to us a little basket of all sorts of

cakes, at the same time calling us her dear children, and inviting us to partake of her treat.

There was in the countenance of this excellent woman, at that moment, an expression of mingled love and joy—joy to see her children so happy, without the smallest idea that there could be one of the party less pleased than she meant them to be. Thus she approached us, and offered her basket—I was almost subdued by her unsuspecting and gentle expression of countenance, but Olivia was observing me, and I was at that moment more ashamed of the incipient desire which I felt of doing better, than I had before been of long and stubborn rebellion. In compliance, therefore, with this feeling of shame, I rejected the treat which my governess offered, with considerable scorn—on which the old lady seemed hurt; and having again offered, and been again refused, she presented her basket to Olivia, who stood half turned from her, and kindly inviting her to partake of what she offered, but was again subjected to a refusal. Surprised at these rare circumstances, for it is uncommon indeed for school-girls to refuse tarts and cakes, a sudden light seemed to strike upon her mind, and she gave me such a penetrating look as I had never before received from her; then stooping down and looking hard in the flushed, and sullen,

fallen face of Olivia, a tear suddenly trembled in her eye; she attempted to speak, but her voice faltered, and she looked around for her niece, as if she required her assistance to explain this mystery.

Being drawn by her aunt's eye, Anna presently came up to us, and was asked by her, if she understood what was the matter with us? "You see, Anna," she said, "how dissatisfied they appear to be: I fear they are not well—do speak to them, my dear Anna, and press them to tell me if they are unwell, or indisposed."

"They are perfectly well, my dear aunt," said Anna, looking at us with more displeasure than I had ever seen in her countenance before.

"Then entreat them, I beg you, my dear," said our governess, "to tell us what grieves them, tell them that it is my greatest pleasure to see my children happy; and this evening," added the old lady, wiping away a tear, "this evening I had hoped to have enjoyed that pleasure without alloy."—So saying, she turned to us, and offering a hand to each, for she had set down her basket on the grass, she entreated us to lay aside our sadness, adding, "if any thing has vexed you, my dear children, try to forget it, and be cheerful."

I scarcely know how I should have acted on this occasion, had leisure been afforded me for an instant's deliberation; but before one second had intervened, I heard my governess's name, as well as my own, repeated aloud from the house, and at the same moment saw my governess's maid-servant appear at the hall door, accompanied by Mrs. Bridget; at the sight of this last, I deliberated not a moment, but ran down the slope to meet her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Her grandmother being taken ill sends for her to London—Her governess's parting kindness—Juliana receives intelligence of the death of her parents—Goes to reside in Bath—Her uncle's marriage and her narrow escape from sudden death, the means of producing a beneficial change to her character.

WITHOUT repeating all that passed between me and Mrs. Bridget, I shall inform my reader of the events which caused her sudden appearance in this place, at a time when I was thinking of nothing less than of herself.

It appeared that my grandmother, who was still in London, having had some uneasiness respecting my uncle Barnaby, had been seized a few days before, with a kind of paralytic attack, which threatened her life, and which, at first, rendered her quite insensible. Her senses, however, returned, after some hours, and she became so exceedingly impatient to see me, of whom she had lately become more fond than ever she had been of my mother, that it was thought advisable to humour her; and as travelling at that time was by no means so convenient as in these days of mail-coaches and steam-packets, it was thought expedient to send

Mrs. Bridget down, with all speed to bring me up to town. Mrs. Bridget came charged with a letter from my cousin Cicely, and which enclosed a handsome present to my governess, and a request that I should be allowed to set off at a moment's warning, my governess being desired to send up my clothes after me to town. I had scarcely gathered the principal parts of her errand from Mrs. Bridget, when my governess joined us, and I have no recollection, such was the hurry of that moment, of what passed between my governess and my grandmother's maid. As soon, however, as I was made to understand that we were to depart, that very minute I ran up stairs, threw my clothes together into my drawers, put on my cloak and hat, and gave one look through the window on the terrace, the alcove, and the happy little party there, and, strange to say, it was not without regret that I felt I was now going from them.

Who is there, who having parted, during the course of life, from some dear friends, or interesting companions, does not possess such a power of abstraction from present scenes, as sometimes to be able to close his eyes, and represent to himself, as in a picture, those objects and persons once so loved?— On these occasions, in what lively colours does fancy sometimes paint a tender parent—

now no more—a child cut off in the bloom of youth—a husband, brother, wife, or sister; and how naturally does it paint the scenes in which we have been wont to see them. Thus, at this moment—though so many years have since passed—though so many events have intervened—I can still close my eyes and behold this charming scene—the high bank enamelled with flowers—the solemn grove in the back ground—the alcove decked with garlands of roses, and the lovely Anna presenting her baskets of fruit to her guests and her companions.

It was the shrill voice of Mrs. Bridget which called me from the contemplation of this scene, and it was the same notable body who hurried me from the presence of my governess, whose last look to her rebel pupil was that of love, and whose last action, as it respected me, was to place in my lap a paper containing some of those very cakes which I had lately rejected with so much insolence.

It is not my purport to fatigue my readers with a full history of my life, which has been long, and much varied; I shall therefore satisfy myself with passing hastily over every event which is not immediately necessary to the promotion of the object which I had in view when I began these memoirs.

When I left my governess's house, I was put into a post chaise with Mrs. Bridget, and

proceeded to town, where I found my grandmother better, but still so much indisposed, that it was thought necessary for her to take a journey to Bath, where she was induced to take a house, the waters being thought necessary even to the preservation of her life. There we remained some years, and returned not at all, during that time, to Hartley-Hall. In the mean time I heard of the death of both of my parents by fevers abroad, but remembered too little of them, and was too thoroughly selfish to grieve for them, as all children ought to do, for the authors of their being. During this period I had grown up, and was become one of the gayest in that gay and dissipated city. I spent all my mornings in visiting, and all my evenings in public, leaving my cousin Cicely to attend my infirm grandmother, who was indeed my only parent.

In the meantime, my uncle Barnaby, who generally resided at Hartley-Hall, used frequently to come and see us; and here, being persuaded by his mother, he selected a wife, and was led by Providence, I doubt not, to make a very good choice. The lady was not a young woman, and possessed little or no fortune; but she was a remarkably pleasant companion, and, in some respects, displayed more sense than commonly falls to the share of our sex. As my grandmother was in a

very feeble state when this marriage took place, my aunt and uncle resolved not to leave her, in consequence of which we became one family for several months.

At this period there arrived a very celebrated preacher in Bath; this gentleman preached for many weeks in the Abbey, through the favour of the minister, and there the mind of my aunt was opened to divine subjects in such a manner as it never was before. She would willingly have engaged me to attend this preacher, and indeed succeeded in one or two instances; but my mind being filled with other matters, it was with little or no effect that I heard the words of truth from this minister.

Thus I proceeded in my career of folly and sin, without interruption, for some time after my uncle's marriage; till one evening, being dressed for a ball, and wearing a head dress of an immense height, such as was then in fashion; whilst I waited for a chair, I sat down to read a play which I intended to see the next day, and bringing my head (by accident as I then thought) in contact with the candle, my lappets took fire, and before the flames could be extinguished, one side of my face, and the back of my neck, were cruelly burnt, I can give you little idea of what I suffered from these burns; but the anguish was such, and the consequent depression of my spirits, that I almost could have wished to have died,

had I not a dread of exchanging the pains of time for those of eternity: for, Oh! who can dwell with everlasting burnings?

During my confinement with these wounds, I was attended by my aunt in such a manner as ever afterwards endeared her to me beyond measure. It was this kind friend who daily dressed my burns; and it was this dear friend who availed herself of this suitable moment to lead me to my Saviour, to call my attention to my own natural depravity, and to other important truths inculcated by our blessed religion; and so successfully did she labour with me, or rather, so greatly were her labours blessed with regard to me, that I arose from my bed with new feelings; and though there remained but small marks of my wounds, I experienced no desire to return to the world, or to enter into my former pursuits; my views of things were wholly changed, and I now began to see my former character in an entirely new and different view. Neither can it be doubted, but that I now recollected, with sorrow, my former ill behaviour to my governess and my little school-fellows, and my many impertinences to my grandmother.

CHAPTER IX.

The death of her grandmother, and Juliana's return to reside at Hartley-Hall—Her desire to revisit her amiable governess, and to apologize for her misconduct—Her aunt accompanies her to the school—Juliana's deep compunction upon learning the decease of her governess.

I HAD not left my room many months after the accident I have recounted above, before I lost my grandmother. I rejoice to say, that, through the instrumentality of my aunt, the poor old lady's mind was considerably opened on the subject of religion. By her last will she provided handsomely for me; neither were Bridget nor my cousin Cicely forgotten. We left them behind us in Bath, where they had determined to live together, and I returned with my aunt and uncle to Hartley-Hall, where we had resolved to reside in future, having given up the house in Bath. The first few days after our arrival in the country, were, as you may suppose, fully occupied in settling ourselves in our habitation: but before one week had elapsed, we had so far arranged things within the house as to have leisure to look abroad, and it being the early part of summer, I accompanied my aunt one

afternoon in an airing in the park. Our coachman having accidentally driven us into that part of the park through which we had formerly passed with my grandmother to the school, it was natural for me to recur to those days, and scenes, and persons, I had witnessed and seen at that time, and I petitioned my aunt to gratify my impatience to see my dear old governess again, by ordering the coachman to proceed to the school.

My aunt, who was always willing to oblige me, instantly gave such orders as I desired, and we proceeded rapidly to the remote gate of the park before mentioned, and in a short time found ourselves upon the same common formerly described.

During this our progress I was busied in describing to my aunt, my governess, her house, her garden, her lovely niece, her simple habits, and the pious tendency of her whole life and conversation. Neither was I, by any means, backward in speaking of my own very improper conduct, or in expressing my anxiety for an opportunity of making every apology. As I proceeded with my narrative, I recollect that I became considerably animated—my heart seemed to warm towards my old companions—I called each by their name, and began to conjecture in what manner they would be changed, and to ask myself, “whether my governess would

be much aged, or Anna much improved, through the lapse of time?"

My aunt asked me, "how many years had passed since I had left this spot?" to which I answered, "it will be four, when the time of year shall be come round again."

"Ah! my dear," she replied, with a sigh, "and during this interval, may there not have occurred many changes which you do not now calculate upon?"

This remark seemed to sink cold upon my heart; however, I made no reply; but, as we were now drawing near the village, I employed myself in tracing our old rambles among the neighbouring fields, and in such directions over the country, as my eye could reach from the window of the coach.

At length we entered the village, and I called to the coachman to drive on to a white house at the very extremity of it. "My dear," said my aunt, "shall we not stop and inquire?" but, as I did not second her motion, the coachman drove onwards, and presently we found ourselves in that part of the road directly opposite the gate of the school garden.

And now, every well-known object was again before me; the thatched roof, the gable ends, the little porch, the casement windows, the white rough-cast coat on the wall, the high bank of the garden, partly visible over

the roof of the house, and the grove of oak trees formerly mentioned, on the summit of the hill. I saw, also, the waterfall, pouring down its mossy channel, and the little meadow, in which our quiet cow was accustomed to feed. Here also, were the lilies, the liburnums, and the rose-trees, which used to be so highly cherished by our governess, and a low garden-seat, under the shade of a spreading chestnut, on which I had often seen her sit to read, whilst her family was amusing themselves in another part of the little domain.

But, although every natural and artificial object answered thus accurately to the impression left on my memory, there was shed around, and on every object, a certain air of solitude and neglect, which could not have escaped the eye of the most inaccurate observer. The garden-walks were overgrown with grass, and the flower-beds with weeds; the window-shutters of both the parlour-windows, and some of the bed chambers, were closed: and instead of the jocund sound of happy infant voices, such as had saluted us when I first visited that place with my grandmother, we heard only the cawings of the ravens, which had built their nests on the tops of the oak-trees, and the bleating of some sheep in a field on the other side of the road.

Whilst I looked with dismay on this scene, I felt that sudden sinking of the spirits which every person must feel when any bright and joyous feelings; which they may have experienced, meet with a sudden check.

My aunt had directed one of the servants to go up to the door of the house, and knock. He accordingly obeyed, and I waited with much anxiety the answer. It was some time, however, before the door was opened, by a feeble old woman, who, in answer to my inquiries, (for by this time I had alighted with my aunt, and entered the garden,) informed me that the lady, I inquired after, had been dead some time!

“Dead,” I repeated, whilst the tears gushed into my eyes, “and shall I never see her more—never be able to tell her how much I now love her, and how glad I should be to repair the injuries I have done her?”

“My love,” said my aunt, taking my hand and drawing me into the little vestibule, in order to screen me from the observation of the servants, “the good old lady is happy, we cannot doubt it. Why, then, should you grieve as one without hope?”

“And where,” I said, “where is the lovely Anna—where is little Minny—where is Olivia?” and, as I mentioned each name, I burst into fresh agonies of tears.

"Ah! miss," said the old woman, whom I then recollected as being one who had formerly resided in the village, "ah! miss, I know not—I cannot answer you. It was, indeed, a sad day when the dear old lady died, and all those sweet children were scattered abroad as lambs without a shepherd. Miss Anna grew up to be a bright example of piety in early youth. She was, indeed, as one of the polished corners of the temple; but when her aunt died, she was left a second time without a home, 'a waif upon the world's wild wilderness.' And the poor little miss, the least of all, where was she to find a home, at least such a home, and such a mother as she had lost?"

I wept with increased violence as the old woman proceeded. I could not help it, and the recollection of my former pride and hardness of heart struck like a dagger to my breast.

My aunt came near to me; she pressed my head against her gentle bosom, and pleaded every argument for comfort, which our blessed religion can supply. She represented to me, that such a woman as my former governess, that is, one who had so long and so entirely relied upon her Saviour, as she appeared to have done, could not but have changed for the better, in leaving this world; for although "when a wicked man dieth, his expectation

shall perish"—nevertheless, "the righteous is delivered out of trouble." (*Prov. xi. 7, 8.*) "And who, my dear niece," proceeded my aunt, "are those who are counted righteous in the sight of God, but those humble, and meek, and unassuming characters, such as you have described the dear lady in question to have been, who having, through the divine mercy, been led to cast away all self-righteousness, desire only to be clothed in the righteousness of their Saviour, and in this garment to be presented unto him without spot or blemish?"

"I have no doubt of the happiness of my dear governess," I replied; "I could, indeed, have wished to have seen her once again, and to have confessed my faults and offences to her, and to have begged her pardon and blessing: but, oh! my dear aunt, I cannot bear to think of the deserted and afflicted state of the lovely Anna—that sweet young creature whom I once so wickedly insulted, though I never could truly despise one in whom I saw so many excellences."

"Make yourself easy, my dear," said my kind aunt, "we will seek her out, and if she is in distress, we will help her—she shall not be left destitute—she shall not want a friend—Hartley-Hall shall be her home." This kindness of my aunt seemed at that moment per-

fectly to overcome me, and I dropped my face on her bosom as she sat by me.

In the mean time, the old woman gave us an account of the death of my governess, which she represented as having been very sudden. "Ah! madam," she added, addressing my aunt, "unless you had seen it, I could give you no notion of the very happy way in which the old lady lived with her little people. Every morning in summer, and every afternoon, when the windows were open, I used to hear the sweet sounds of these children's voices lifted up to heaven in songs of praise; and then they were so kind to the poor, so smiling, so gentle, so polite, so fond of each other, and of their governess. Ah! ladies, it was a sore day when this little family was broken up, and their tender mother and faithful friend laid low in the dust. And now, miss," she said, "now I never more hear those songs of praise issuing from the windows, and no sweet infant faces are ready to smile upon me as I enter these garden gates."

"Oh! my aunt, my aunt," I said, "I could bear all this, if it were not for the recollection of my ill behaviour and ingratitude when residing under this roof."

I then rose with the intention of revisiting our school-room, my little bed-room, the terrace, and the alcove, but my heart failed me;

